LADIES AFTERNOON VISITOR.

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NOVELTY.

ALBERT AND EMMA,

AN INTERESTING HISTORY.

(Continued.)

It breathed the language of eternal love, and assured her, that as he quitted her only to accelerate their union, she might soon expect his return to claim her promised hand; Bernard folding up the letter when he had read it, and putting it in his pocket, thus addressed his trembling daughter, who waited silently her fate; 'Beware my child, how you suffer your heart to betray your happiness; trust not to the protestations of a lover. An inconsiderate vow is more frequently broken than kept.—You may be the present object of Albert's affections, but man, by nature inconstant, can easily transfer his heart to successive objects. The world will, probably, soon efface you from his remembrance; or should he even still retain his faith unshaken, can you flatter yourself that his family will admit into their society an humble villager, whose birth they would proudly deem unworthy their alliance?—Never shall my Emma's hand be united to a husband unsanctioned by the authority of his parents.—Make, therefore, every effort my beloved child, to conquer a prepossession fatal in its tendency, and hopeless in its effects. You have never yet deceived me, and I have that confidence in your discretion, which persuades me you will not deviate from the path of rectitude; nor by a clandestine conduct, act unworthy of your own spotless character.' Emma sunk at the feet of her venerable sire, and embracing his knees, 'Never, never,' exclaimed she, while tears rolled down her pale cheeks, 'shall your child wander from the path of honour!—You shall guide and direct all her actions, your counsels shall fortify the weaknesses of her heart, and assist her to subdue every sentiment disapproved by you; and if she cannot immediately forget the conspicuous virtues of her lost Albert, at least, she will humble her ambitious hopes, which had the presumption to soar above her obscure birth, and aspire to an alliance to which she had no pretensions, but what the delusive voice of love and Albert awakened in her bosom.' Bernard folded her in his arms with all a father's fond delight: and applauded the sentiments, which flowed from a heart capable of sacrificing every inclination to that duty, which she owed him. Emma possessed a strength of mind superior to her years, and though she tried in vain to forget an object so tenderly beloved, she so far reasoned herself into a persuasion that the friends of Albert would never consent to their marriage, without which she was resolutely determined never to accept his hand, that she renounced every idea of being united to him, and banished the seducing hope of beholding him again.

While Emma was thus meritoriously submitting to the rigid laws of filial duty, fate was hastening to involve her in a snare more dangerous than that, which she had so nobly overcome. As she was spining one sultry day, in a bower of honey-suckles, near gate of their little cottage, accompanied by one of her young female neighbors, the baron de Morenzi passed by, on horseback, and casting his eyes on the fair Emma, was so struck with her beauty, that he suddenly stopped, and dismounting approached the wicket. Taking off his hat, he complained of a dizziness in his head, for which he politely requested a glass of water; Emma arose, and tripping into the house, quickly returned with a chrystal draught, which she presented to him with a native grace that accompanied all her motions. He had, during her short abscence, informed himself that she was the daughter of Bernard, who served him as under-bailiff. He accepted the cup from her hand, and while he swallowed the contents, he drank, at the same time, from her bewitching eyes, a draught, which spread an irresistable poison through his veins. The baron was indebted to nature for a fine person, and to art, for that imposing elegance of address, which seldom failed to insinuate his wishes with success, when the dominion of a tender passion tempted him to gloss over his haughty demeanour with dissembled condescension. Just as he was returning the cup to the lovely Emma, who stood to receive it, with her looks bent upon the ground, to avoid the fixed gaze of his penetrating eyes, Bernard suddenly appeared, and afforded his daughter an opportunity to retire into the cottage.

The good old baliff accosted his lord with a respect, which, while it acknowledged his superiority as a master, was unmixed with that kind of servile humility, which demeans the dignity of man. He had never before attracted the notice of the baron, who forgetting the distance, which birth and fortune had placed between them, recollected only that he was the father of Emma, and might, perhaps, assist him in the views which he had formed to corrupt her virtue. Accosting him, therefore, with kind familiarity, he requested that he might take a survey of his little dwelling, which he should be welcome to exchange for one more convenient and comfortable. 'My lord,' replied Bernard, 'in this humble dwelling my infant eyes first opened, and here I would wish to close their aged lids.'

"But,' interrupted the baron, 'you begin to bow under the weight of years, and stand in need of rest and indulgence; I shall fell a true satisfaction in rendering your latter days happy.'—'Permit me to assure you,' said Bernard, 'that a life of honest industry, and uncorrupted innocence, has already insured to me that happiness in its closing scene, which an irreproachable conscience only can bestow, but which riches can never give.' You have a daughter, however, interrupted the baron, smiling, 'too young to have adopted your stoical ideas.' 'I have a daughter, retorted Bernard, 'who inherits her mother's virtue, and has been taught by precept and example those sentiments, which have rendered her too contented in her situation, to harbour an ambitious wish in her bosom.' The baron reddened at these words, but commanding, for his own secret purposes, the rising indignation of his mind, he condescendingly bade the venerable Bernard adieu; saying, that he still hoped, mature reflection would induce him to accept the favours he was anxious to confer upon a man, whose respectable character, and long life of unsullied virtue, claimed a singular reward.

So saying, he mounted his horse, and returned to the castle, revolving in his mind, every practicable scheme for the seduction of the devoted Emma.—He reflected that he never had beheld a female half so lovely; and as he on no occasion had accustomed himself to combat his inclinations, or subdue his passions, he resolved to lose no time in accomplishing his design. The humble situation of Emma, gave him in his opinion, an uncontrouled right to her submission: but he was solicitous, if possible, to gain an ascendency over her heart, by awakening with her gratitude tenderer sentiments; for this purpose he determined to wear the mask of hypocrisy a little longer, and then to attempt, by every art of soft deception, to secure her affections in his favor. A week elapsed after the baron's visit at the cottage, without any renewal of his great offers; a circumstance that contributed to dispel those fears, which had been awakened in the bosom of Bernard, by the interview of the baron with Emma, and his generous professions of friendship to himself,—*professions*, so opposite to the natural ferocity of his temper. Bernard considered them no longer in any light, but in that of a temporary inclination toward humanity and kindness, which could not have no root in a soil so barren. He pursued, therefore, without further suspicion, his usual labors; taking, however, the precaution never to leave his daughter without a companion, in his abscence.

One morning when he had quitted the cottage about an hour, a hasty messenger from the castle terrified Emma with an account that her father was taken with a sudden indisposition as he passed the gates; and having been supported into the house by some of the domestics, who observed him sinking on the ground, the housekeeper had thought it proper to send for his daughter, who, by being accustomed perhaps to these seizures, knew best how to treat them. The trembling Emma, alarmed to the utmost degree at a disorder, which had never yet attacked her beloved father, delayed not a moment to follow her conductor: and taking the arm of her friend Agnes, who had been listening to her as she was reading aloud, proceeded with tottering steps to the castle, distant from her humble cottage about a mile.—When she arrived in the great hall, she met with a female of a respectable appearance, and of an adcanced age. She eagerly enquired after her father, and earnestly requested to be permitted to see him. The housekeeper answered Emma, with the appearance of much sensibility, that Bernard was so perfectly recovered, by a cordial which she had administered, that he had returned to his daily occupation, ignorant that his illness could have reached his daughter's ears. 'Thank heaven!' exclaimed the innocent Emma, 'O, madam, accept my humble gratitude for your kind care, and suffer one of the domestics to direct me to the spot where I may find my

dear father ; I will watch by his side during the labours of the day, or attend him to our cottage, if he will permit me to lead him thither.'

'Be no longer anxious my lovely child,' replied the matron, 'your father will be here at the hour when the turret bell shall call the family to dinner ; he promised to meet my lord's steward, to receive some orders from the baron.' The unsuspecting Emma thanked her kind informer, and was departing, but pressed condescendingly to continue there till the return of Bernard, and in the interval, to take a survey of the apartments in the castle, in some of which alterations were making, she contented to wait her father's return. While her obliging guide was leading her into a large saloon, she turned round to seek for Agnes, whom till that instant, she imagined to have been still near her side. She expressed some anxiety at her absence, to the housekeeper, who observed, that her friend had remained in the first hall, and immediately sent a woman, then descending a staircase, to escort her to them. Emma, in the mean time, pursued the steps of her conductress, who having passed several state apartments, opened a door that led to a library, and which she had no sooner entered, and directed the attention of Emma to a fine potrait of the late marchioness de Clairville, that hung over the chimney, than she disappeared.—Emma, for some moments, was lost in contemplating the angelic countenance of a woman, whose sad fate she had heared so frequently and so tenderly deplored, when she was suddenly roused from these melancholy reflections, by the opening of a glass door, which led to a colonnade filled with exotic plants.—If she felt embarrassed by the appearance of the baron who entered thence into the library, what were her sensations, when, on making an immediate attempt to quit it herself, she found the door of the apartment locked, and beheld the baron de Morenzi at her feet, in an attitude of respectful tenderness.

(To be Continued.)

BIOGRAPHY.

From the Thespian Mirror.

JOHN HODGKINSON,

WAS a native of Manchester, England, where he was born in the year 1767. His father, a respectable inn-keeper in that place, apprenticed him, in the earlier part of his life, to a reputable tradesman. Ill-suited, however, to an employment so disconsonant with his natural impetuosity and love of fame, he soon eloped from his master, and had recourse to a profession for which nature seems originally to have designed him. He made his *debut* at Bristol in the character of Watty Cockney.

The success of this first attempt, flattered his predominant passion, he continued at intervals to appear as may be supposed in different characters, at Bristol, Bath, &c, in all which he acquitted himself with considerable eclat. During one of these excursions he met with his old master, with whom his term of apprenticeship had not yet expired. This unexpected rencounter took place at an inn where young Hodgkinson had put up. The interview at first threw our youthful adventurer into considerable embarrassment, but before they separated he agreed to pay a consideration for his indentures, which his master accordingly relinquished, and

"Richard [was] himself again."

We then find Mr. Hodgkinson playing with great applause on the British provincial stages, where he had an extensive field to cultivate and mature his dramatic talents. It was about this period that he married Miss Brett, who, as Mrs. Hodgkinson, has so frequently delighted us. In 1792, they were engaged by the late Mr. Henry, (formerly a manager of the "Old American Company," under the firm of Hallam and Henry) as principal actors in that company, and in the September of the same year, they arrived in America, and first appeared on the boards of the New-York Theatre.

After his arrival, Mr. Hodgkinson was alternately engaged at New-York, Philadelphia and Baltimore, where he performed with great profit and applause ; and such was his success, that in May 1794, on the dissolution of the connection between Hallam and Henry, he was enabled to become a part proprietor in the theatrical property of the Old American Company, which he purchased for 4000l. payable in annual instalments of 1000l. each.

Having made such additions to the company, and entered into such arrangements as appeared to him expedient for its support, Mr. Hodgkinson, in September 1794, commenced his career in the new and arduous situation of manager and proprietor. His first season under this arrangement was at Philadelphia ; and on the 15th December ensuing, the company returned to New-York, where they remained until the summer of 1795, when the dreadful calamity which, at that time afflicted New-York, induced him to enter into engagements for the Boston stage, where he played with great applause. Shortly after, however, he returned to New-York, in which place he remained until the 31st of March, 1797, when an unfortunate Green-room fracas involved him in a litigation with one of the principal actresses, which terminated in his departure. In this affair he was much censured by her friends, who attended a representation on the evening of the 29th of March, 1797, for the purpose of either restoring the rejected actress, or confounding our hero by their disapprobation: Accordingly, when he appeared, he was saluted with a general hiss, and the common cry was for the lady. Hodgkinson was not allowed to proceed with his part, and the play of course stopped. On the succeeding evening, a still larger party attended, as he observes in a printed defence, "with an apparent determination to prejudge and condemn" him. Finding again that the audience would not hear him, he came forward amid the tumult, with a declaration upon oath, that he "*would never tread those boards again!*"---He remained true to his promise ; for, having spent some time during the interval as manager and principal actor in the Boston Theatre, although he returned (with some persuasion) in a few months to New-York, yet he would not appear, until a *new floor was laid for the stage!* The result of this Thespian fracas was not so injurious to the professional fame of Mr. Hodgkinson, as his enemies had hoped, or his friends apprehended. Talens will bear away the palm, and difficulty and embarassment, only serve to *knit its sinews.*

He next became joint proprietor with Mr. Dunlap of the New-York Theatre, which, however, did not prosper under their management. Dissatisfactions arose which proceeded to open dissention, and ended in a dissolution of partnership. He then left New-York and once more came to Boston ; but, having a preference for that city, he was desirous of returning, and Mr. Dunlap, the manager, engaged him and Mrs. Hodgkinson at the enormous salary of 120 dollars a week, that is, 50 dollars each, for himself and wife ; and the remainder was paid for the use of some theatrical property. Mrs. Hodgkinson's health and spirits soon afterwards became affected ; a hectic succeeded and brought her to the grave in the summer of 1804. A few weeks previous to which, she saw her sister, Miss Brett, fall a victim to the same disease, under the same roof. The melancholy fate of these two sisters, now that it can neither serviceable to the living norreach the dead, shall be passed over in silence.

After the death of his wife and sister, he left New-York and went to Charleston, where he became acting manager, which situation he retained until the spring last past, when he negociated for the Theatre in New-York, and entered into an agreement to hold it for a term of five years from the present season.—On his journey from Charleston to New-York, he performed in some of the principal places through which he passed. and during the prevalence of the fever in September last, visited New-York, in order to make some preparations for the commencement of the approaching Theatrical campaign. It was here it was supposed he had imbibed the contagion of the yellow fever, for on leaving that city, he appeared to be depressed and discovered some other of the characteristic symptoms of that disorder, which on his way to Washington, became alarming, and terminated in his death.

Thus, in the very maturity of hope, and the glow of just expectation, was our actor deprived of being. Never before had he been so sanguine in his views, or so provident and active in his arrangments ; and had he lived to carry into effect the measures which he proposed, that stage would probably have vied with any on the continent.

Possessed of a person of more than ordinary height, and rather corpulent, but commanding and dignified ---features capable of almost every modification ; a voice forcible and sonorous, and above all, an unequalled proficiency in *stage effect*, and all those little, but essential artifices which attend it, he never failed to gain applause, even in characters which seemed to be placed beyond the compass of his powers. Though in the first walk of the drama he was sometimes excellent, his forte lay in the uncommon versatility of his talents. Tragedy, Comedy, Opera and Farce, were equally familiar to him ; and with a remarkably quick study and a memory powerfully retentive, added to a readiness to undertake any character he was unquestionably the most extensively useful member of

the dramatic corps in this country, or perhaps the world.

Mr. Hodgkinſon has left two orphan daughters, who are placed under the care of Mr. Tyler, to be educated for the ſtage: Charity has not been idle in providing for their ſupport. *Benefits* have been allowed them in moſt of our capital cities, and the receipts are ſuch as will place theſe lovely children beyond the reach of want, but in circumſtances of the moſt pleaſing and comfortable independence. Their projectors will find the moſt delightful of recompenpences in the ſweet recollection of having cheriſhed & ſheltered the dawning of talent, and given to the world, perhaps, a Merry or a Siddons.

THEATRICAL.

☞ The following communication was received laſt week, but too late for inſertion.

No inſtitution of a public nature, is ſo open to animadverſion as the ſtage. The idea which injuſtice originated, and illiberality ſanctioned,

Actors, *as actors*, are a lawful game,

has opened the way to numberleſs impoſitions.—Under the ſhade of criticiſm, and under the ſhelter of candour, failings are ſported with, and reputation trampled upon. It is difficult to decide how far this perverſion may not be carried. It is eaſy to decide to what a train of injuries it muſt unqueſtionably lead. We are far from diſputing the right, and the neceſſity of a *public guardianſhip of the ſtage*, but we are alſo far from believing that ſuch a guardianſhip may encroach upon the ſacred precints of private character. Animadverſion, in whatever form, gives any thing but pleaſure. Improvement being its object, it is the more effectual as it is the leſs vindictive.—There are few who will bear with patience the *critic's contumely*, and there are fewer ſtill, who will not feel, moſt keenly feel, an injury which cuſtom forbids them to reſent.

To the citizens of Boſton, it muſt be pleaſing to obſerve, a reformation rapidly effecting among themſelves. After an age of aſperity, criticiſm ſoftens into its native line of brotherly admonition; and petulance, ill nature, and conceit, give place to conſiſtency and a ſincere wiſh to improve. It would be unjuſt to withold from the elegant *Julius*, and the liberal *Ordeal*, a tribute of applauſe. We would bind their brows with laurel; and hail the golden age of criticiſm!—*They* have taught us the inſtability of human judgment. *They* have taught us that thoſe we have been accuſtomed to admire, are deſtitute of every requiſite to pleaſe. What we have called *modeſty* is with them "A HEAD ALREADY GIDDY WITH THE ELEVATION OF SELF CONCEIT."—"Ruled by a dull conſtellation of domeſtic virtues," we have been led to applaud a woman who has neither talent nor taſte!—Yield! ſages of antiquity! yield ye the palm to modern genius!—What can equal the abſurdity of the manager, to bring from a diſtance of three thouſand miles a *ſtumbling block* for his wife—To incur great trouble, and ſtill greater expence, in ſearching out *a thorn for the ſide of Mrs. Powell*—Mrs. Powell, who, the greater Zany of the three, might have prevented it had ſhe choſen*.—"*The taſte of the town, its indulgence, nay its beneficence to Mr. Powell, entitled us long ago to ſome brighter ſtage ornament than his wife.*" The town is ſatisfied,

Variety is charming
CONSTANCY
Is not in me,
So, Powell, you have warning.

But it is not in this only we have been corrected. To theſe writers too we are indebted for a right conception of the abilities of Mr. Uſher. Notice of any kind from great men, is certainly pleaſing, and Mr. U. ſhould think himſelf much flattered by the portion of attention which he has received from *Julius*. This ſecond Addiſon with his motto "*brevity is the ſoul of wit*," tells us *Mr. Uſher is not enough of a gentleman to act one*. Mr. Caulfield is deprived of Lord Townly *becauſe he deſerves it*, and Mrs. Stanley of proper ſupport *becauſe ſhe is entitled to it*. Theſe reaſons are moſt cogent—as forcible as that which induces the managers to get plays up badly, *when it is their intereſt to get them up well*.

Mr. Fox, and Mrs. Uſher, were *worſt among the bad*.—So our ſtage muſt be trodden by none but Garricks and Siddons's—none but the ſuper-eminent may be allow'd to act—Like the cautious mother who would not permit her ſon to go into the water until he learnt to ſwim, Julius complains of Mrs. Uſher's *aiming* at excellence which ſhe does not *poſſeſs*. This is a ſad thing to be ſure; *almoſt as bad, good Julius*—entendez vous?

Now for Bernard. "Who ſhall decide when *Critics* diſagree? "The Ordeal had unwittingly betrayed a ſemblance of applauſe—He is corrected by the more "ſage Julius—*His conception incorrect, his performance but tolerable*. I BESEECH YOU, ſaid an ancient poet, DO NOT BEAT THAT STONE, FOR YOU MAY HURT YOUR HAND.

Do the managers know their own intereſts, let them bend to the critics of the day. Do the players reſpect advice, let them liſten to the precepts of wiſdom; let them learn *eloquence*† from *Julius*, let them borrow *luſtre* from the *Emerald*.

* *Emerald No.* 34. "In examining the female parts, we have to expreſs our ſurpriſe at the non appearance of Mrs. Powell in Lady Grace: She has acted it before. WAS SHE not ſenſible, Mrs. Uſher was not calculated to ſupport it? Or was SHE determined Mrs. Stanley ſhould experience every difficulty it was poſſible to throw in her way, in the performance of Lady Townly," Here, it ſhould ſeem, *Mrs.* P were *manager* inſtead of her huſband. Here alſo is involved an intimation of another nature, of which we have been at ſome pains to ſatiſfy ourſelves; and we are aſſured that the ſtanding of theſe ladies with each other, is upon a footing of intimacy, ſuperior to profeſſional bickerings, and the petty animoſities which too often embitter the happineſs of the green room.

† And, we might add, moſt particularly diction and grammar.

Another and another ſtill ſucceeds,
And the laſt fool is welcome as the former.

That "*ſage in criticiſm*," the *inimitable*, the *unimitated* Julius, informs us in his laſt, that the "MANAGER *general of the Boſton Theatre is a* LADY." Woe to the *ſhe manager*, ſay we, who conducts that ſtage of which the *critic general* is a—*Julius*.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

BOSTON:——JANUARY 10——1807.

The ſubject of Faſhion has been ſo often diſcuſſed, that unleſs it is now treated in a very elegant or humorous manner, it is abſolutely diſguſting. It was the original intention of the editor to give publicity to nothing which did not perfectly coincide with his own ſentiments; and ſo far from deprecating *general* Faſhion, he advocates it as the ſource from which the wealth of our traders flow.—*Joſeph's Dream* muſt therefore be omitted.—Any *particular* folly or vice however, cenſured in a handſome manner, will with pleaſure be given to the public.

Alcander, alias *Eugene*, is informed, that however it may "gratify his vanity" to ſee his communications in print, we ſhall never give publicity to any thing of a political nature. We preſume this is not the firſt time he has endeavored to deceive us under the maſk of friendſhip, by flattering our vanity—"but we, doubtleſs, have ſtrength of mind ſufficient to bear with madeſt ſerenity," the efforts of our enemies to betray us.

The *Fair Penitent*, and *Lodoiska* drew a numerous audience on Monday evening.

On Wednesday, the *Miſer*, followed by the *Sultan*, was played to a thin, but faſhionable houſe. To do juſtice to the performers we ſhould notice the excellent humour of Bernard's Lovegold, and Mrs. Shaw's Lappet. Mr. Poe, is in the riſing ſcale; and we cannot do Mrs. Stanley the injuſtice to paſs over her Roxalana, in the afterpiece, without our moſt unqualified praiſe.

Laſt evening, the intrinſic excellence of the *School of Reform*, was aided by the ſuperior acting of Mr. Bernard, Mr. Caulfield, and *our favorite*, Mrs. Powell.

We owe to juſtice, a favorable notice of Signor Cipriani. His combat in *Lodoiſka* was the moſt intereſting exhibition of the kind, we ever witneſſed.

Mr. Fox's *daughter* is a promiſing germ, which the ſunſhine of favour and culture, may ripen into preeminence.

BOSTON THEATRE.

On MONDAY EVENING,
Will be preſented, for this night only, the favorite Comedy, in 5 acts, called the
Secret;—*or*
Partnerſhip Diſſolved.
To which will be added, for the firſt time this ſeaſon, the comic Opera, in 2 acts, called,
Robin Hood;—*or*
Sherwood Foreſt.

MARRIED.

At Charleſtown, Henry Adams, Eſq. to Miſs Suſan Foſter.

At Roxbury, Mr. Luther Parker, mer. of Boſton, to Miſs Sally Buckman, of the former place.

In this town, Mr. Martin Beale, to Miſs Elizabeth Larrabee.

On Sunday laſt, Mr. Charles Folks, to Miſs Jane Chriſty.

DIED.

In this town, Mr. Joſhua Pico, aged 3y.

On Tueſday laſt, Ebenezer Storer, Eſq. aged 77.

Mrs. Hannah Ives, aged 79.

POETRY.

ORIGINAL.

Mr. EDITOR—The underwritten comparison between ÆNEAS and MACBETH, may be unjust, but it is the impartial sentiment of POTEMKIN.

WHEN fair Elissa fell, by love opprest,
And shar'd Elysium with the virtuous blest,
Lightly his grief the pious warrior bore,
Forewarn'd by Heav'n that on another shore,
A soil more fertile, and a dame more fair
Should crown his labor and his kingdom share.
In modern days, should any way-worn chief,
Obtain from Heaven and love so great relief,
Should some Æneas with a fame as great,
Rescu'd from death by Neptune or by fate,
Receiv'd with transport at the genial board,
Honor'd by all, and by the queen ador'd,
Enjoy the fruit so frail, then traitor prove,
And scar'd by nightly visions banish love,
Doom the desponding dame with grief t' expire,
Nor sigh that suicide had quench'd her fire ;
Would this man shine the model of mankind,
Prais'd by the wealthy lord and laboring hind ?
Would he stand foremost in the field of fame
And leave to future times a deathless name ?
When Caledonia's chieftian, great Macbeath,
Was urg'd to put his gen'rous lord to death,
He cri'd amid his diobolic plan,
"I dare do all that will become a man,
"Who dares do more is none." With trembling hand,
Urg'd by ambition and a wife's demand,
He far exceeded what a man should do,
And Scotland's slumb'ring sov'reign silent slew.
Must man forever curse the Thane of Fife,
Whose guilt was expiated with his life ;
Deceiv'd by mystic rites and witchcraft's wiles,
Prompted by hope and lur'd by syren smiles,
He lies a hell-hound in the Scottish vale
Though honor was the subject of his tale.
Must Cyntherea's son forever shine
Th' illustrious founder of the Roman line ?
With thought premedetate the queen he left,
Of honor, empire, hope and love bereft ;
Vanquish'd & murder'd young Lovinia's spouse,
Then at love's altar paid his blood-stain'd vows ;
Saw old Amata tie the fatal cord,
And dying curse the foreign murderer's sword ;
Who shines mids countless crimes thus dark and base
The *ne plus ultra* of the human race.

—o—

ORIGINAL.

Mr. EDITOR—I once entered a vault in Germany. The following lines though arrayed in the garb of fiction, have their foundation in truth ; a Crescent on the head of a Lyon is still the arms of an illustrious family in Europe.

I DREAMT, that wand'ring o'er Germania's plains,
I view'd the ruins of a gothic tomb ;
Decay'd magnificence appear'd without ;
Within 'twas horrible to look———
The fleshless bones of those who bravely fell
Bellona's victims, now were white and smoothe,
And worms, man's sure and latest enemy ;
Had all departed. Winter here had shed
For centuries past, her tribute heaps of snow ;
And summer's suns had spent their piercing rays
On bones quite marrowless ; within the tomb
The murmuring of the bleak and chilling wind
Portended storms and tempests ; fearfully
Methought with trembling hands I clos,d the doors
Preparing here to spend the dreary night,
In conversation with my sleepless soul.
But thought itself was overcome by fear,
Mine eyes were fix'd on that at midnigh's hour
Would fright an Anchorite ; I could not think,
So gathering courage as a coward would
Who fights when no alternative is left,
I wander'd through the dreary walks of death,
"Where in their narrow cells forever laid
The rude forefathers of the Hamlet sleep."
With the th' aid of Phosphorus I now beheld
A marble table where some warriot chief,
Perhaps the first of an illustrious line
Was laid in majesty, gigantic bones
Bespoke him strong as hercules, his skull
Supported by an old and rust-worn shield,
On which I scarce could trace the rude device ;
It seem'd a Crescent on a lyon's head,
And war's dire implements were scatter'd round.
Whilst I stood musing at this mouldering man,
A sight on which skillful Anatomists,
Dame Nature's journeymen might gaze with pleasure,
A sudden whirlwind shook the sepulchre,
O'erthrew the warrior and his stony bed,
And rous'd me from this dreadful death-like dream.

EDGAR.

—o—

ORIGINAL.

THE POET.

THE wise have long time held dispute,
That Poets blow dame Nature's flute ;
That on a cloud they sometimes ride,
And go to **** without a guide ;
Live in castles made of air,
And oft go snacks with Jupiter ;
That Philomel and they hold talk ;
That they with goblins often walk ;
That moon-beams are to them like fire,
And they within them oft perspire ;
And thousands still more strange than these,
But with them all we find they'll freeze.
Then now with patience let us seek,
And let us hunt with truth so meek,
Whether with fact these coincide,
And give due weight to either side.
First, let's begin then at the cradle,
Don't they suck pap then from a ladle ?
Don't they crawl on hands and knees ?
If well don't smile, if cold don't sneeze ?
Their gums with teeth we rarely find,
No innate fancies in their mind ;
In boy-hoods days and female hood,
(For oft the sex are poets good)
Wont't they spit about and sputter ?
And know what is and is'nt butter ?
Crawl like snails to mistress scold,
And blush and mumble till they'r old
Enough to sing out *a b ab*,
And kick and storm like any mad ?
Then send them off to any college,
Dou't they grunt and grin for knowledge ?
And do they love a lecture bell,
Or won't they scream out "are not well ?"*
Next see them free from college rules,
An't they sometimes d******* fools ?
I think I sometimes see them drink
And eat much oft'ner than they think ;
And if to heav'n their souls take flight,
They leave their dust in dismal plight ;
And though they live in air built houses,
Their bodies are the home of louses ;
And thus like other men I shew it,
Is that denominated Poet. ZEUXIS.

* *Alluding to the excuse for indolence---viz.---"no value."*

—o—

PREJUDICE.---AN EXTRACT.

THERE is something exceedingly curious in the construction and operation of *Prejudice*. It has the singular ability of accommodating itself to all the possible varieties of the human mind. Some passions & vices are but thinly scattered among mankind, and find only here and there a fitness of reception. But *Prejudice*, like the spider, makes every where its home. It has neither taste nor choice of place, and all that it requires is room. There is scarcely a situation, except fire and water, in which a spider will not live. So let the mind be as naked, as the walls of an empty and forsaken tenement, gloomy as a dungeon, or ornamented with the richest abilities of thinking, let it be hot, cold, dark or light, lonely or inhabited, still prejudice, if undisturbed, will fill it with cobwebs, and live, like the spider, where there seems nothing to live on. If the one prepares her food by poisoning it to her palate and her use, the other does the same ; and as several of our passions are strongly charactered by the animal world, *Prejudice* may be denominated the spider of the mind.

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